



# SHORTER THINGS SEASON II

An Anthology of  
Two-Sentence  
Ghost Stories

Sponsored by  
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Here Lie

Ye 2017

Contest Winners



Minnie Gregorini

Maya Palmer

Ethan Martin

Talia Kowalski



"Just one more question, Jenny, then you're free to go; what was the last thing you remember saying to her before she opened it?" "I... I told her that- that the door was probably nailed shut for a reason."

—Minnie Gregorini



Tommy looked at his sister's fresh bruise. "You didn't tell me Dad came home last night."

—Maya Palmer



She had been gone for years now, but ever present in our nightmares. I was an old man, nearly dead, but her voice still rang in my ears, "Open mic night on floor thirteen in Vander Poel!"

—Ethan Martin



Who has the best costume this year? Katie says herself; Ethan, himself; "The Timeless Art of Seduction" poster of George Costanza, itself.

—Talia Kowalski





Death never truly waited, for he knew the exact time for everyone and everything. The only one he never knew was his own.

—Holly Cruger



Constant darkness, chill & desolation, inability to move, speak, hear nor breath, that was my faith from now. Maybe cremation wasn't a bad idea after all.

—Jerald O'Connor



I punched in all the numbers and pressed Enter.  
"Your Alternate Pin is incorrect."

—Sophia Sola



Jessica turned around to find the Jack O' Lantern filled with a bright, fiery light; the carved expression revealing a demonic grin, almost as if it was *staring* at her. She hadn't put the candle in yet.

—Luke Ossmann



Howling winds at the peak of the night with the descent of darkness without a spark of light combined with screeching moans without a soul in sight, all make us quiver from fright. Oh, what a spooky time we'll have tonight.

—Manmeet Kaur Nijjer



I was cramped in the pitch-black air duct, unable to move my arms and legs, when I felt something brush up against my face. Among a flicker of light, I caught a glimpse of its elongated, black head with no eyes and its sharp, metallic teeth right before everything was gone.

—Jake Haney



Based on a true story:

when my roommate disappeared with all of her belongings, I looked through the emptiness of her side of our double. The only place I didn't check was the closet, from which a strange smell was beginning to emit; nobody had found her yet.

—Elizabeth C Buttiglieri



"We all pretended, because it was easier that way and we didn't have to deal with the consequences. But he was dead."

—Téa Belog



"The Nightmare Before Christmas: Exams"

'Twas the night before the last day of exams, in fact the only day I had any exams. I slept all through the night and when morning came, I looked at my clock to see that I had slept through my exam too.

—Ava Mandel





Mama and I like to hold hands when we take walks. I wish people wouldn't stare so much, though; it only makes things harder when her body starts to get heavy.

—Maya Palmer



After he died, I saw him everywhere. In strangers' faces, between the pages of our family photo album, hovering in the air above me gripping a knife.

On bad days, I scream at my reflection in the mirror. On worse days, it screams back.

—Hanah Matuszak



The tree which fell in the forest provided a perfect cover for Jay Spector to finish the job. It's a shame the newly married young couple had to intrude on the them after hearing it.

—Sasha Pezenik



A ghost stole my toilet paper. I'm scared shitless.

—Peter Soucy



It was an investigation that had answers they weren't prepared for. "STOP!", Jason screamed "There's Something in the...."

—Rachel Knight





I looked up at myself in the mirror after washing my face in the sink, eyes wide from the freezing water while droplets streamed down my face. My reflection didn't move as I walked away.

—Jamie Leon



With every careful step the stairs bend and creek beneath my feet, and when I reach the top I feel no more stable. When I turn around, I see they are no longer there, but then again neither am I.

—Joseph Gilberto



She crept through the woods peeking around every tree and flashing her light behind her every five seconds, paranoid about being ambushed by the psychotic barber and jumping at every little sound; after all, gamers who had already played this horror game had promised real terror and grisly murder. Intrigued, she had downloaded the game and set the mood in her now pitch-black, sound-proofed room, but as she sat in her dark, quiet room watching her in-game-character creeping through the dark, quiet forest, she failed to notice the pair of scissors closing in behind her neck.

—Annie Chu



It really was nice to see mother again after all this time. I just wish she would come out from behind the mirror.

— William Faber



He's right there in the corner looking us, and he knows we're here, but he is so innocent and so little that now madness controls him. Ahh! Ghosts! A terrified scream coming from Tom's room invades the house.

—Connie Tais Maria Anderson Castilla





I take the knife and swiftly jab through the head of my enemy, violently pulling the weapon towards my chest. Pulling out its insides with my bare hands, I hold them up high and then collapse in dismay: "Fall Semester 2017 ... Amount Due ... \$30,000".

—Benjamin Ducharme



I felt cold breath on my neck. I turned around, and no one was there.

—Anna Wegeng



Ghosts don't usually live in my brain. Until Charlie.

I ran to the attic to mourn my dead-as-a-door-nail great-uncle. Then I heard chains screeching up the stairs.

I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't...control myself. But it can.

—Martha Morton



One night, as I was driving home on a dark country back road, I was nearly hit by a train at a crossing. The next morning, I was driving along that same road and when I came to the crossing, I noticed the tracks were in disrepair.

—Christopher Heilig





Woke up paralyzed, soaked in sweat—in what seemed to be the middle of the night—screaming silently, as the claws inched closer toward me from the foot of the bed.

—Ananya Jain



I've never felt true terror until the night I was sitting on the couch with Rick watching a movie and eating popcorn and suddenly there's a knock at the door. When I looked through the peephole I saw Rick and he said, "Babe the movie store didn't have anything good to watch, unchain the door and let me in!"

—Katelyn Quinones



Saw a beautiful lady in white bridal dress asking for a lift while I was driving home at 1 in the morning. I floored it when I realized she didn't need to use the door to enter.

No-one heard my screams as they lowered me down to my grave, and filled it with dust. Definitely no one heard my calls for help as I started getting terrifying visitors.

Had to re-adjust the face of the pedestal fan towards me during the night over and over again. Almost fell unconscious when I accidentally touched the hands that kept turning the fan away from me.

—Humza Butt



**From your Faculty, Administrators, and Staff**

**“The Clothesline”**

It was already dusk when I spotted them writhing on the clothesline—the jacket, having latched one sleeve onto the line, was frantically zipping itself closed, while the dress inched itself along the line, methodically inserting its tattered hem into a clutch of stray clothespins.

How could I not have known, when I kicked them to the curb that morning, that my clothes had caressed me, that my body was the only home they had ever known, and that they wanted to remain with me for eternity?

—Irene Fizer, Associate Professor of English



**“History Lesson”**

No one knows what happened to the remains of Annette Williamson, who was hung by the British as an American spy. There is no grave to memorialize her in the family cemetery, although there is a plaque at the headstone of her male relative to commemorate his service as a Revolutionary War veteran, and there is no mention of her name or sacrifice in the guide to local historic homes, which explains that the upscale restaurant in what was once her family’s gracious eighteenth-century home is “reputed to be haunted.”

—Karyn Valerius, Associate Professor of English and director of Women’s Studies and Disability Studies



Kitteh iz used to see ghosts, LOLZ. But dis hoomins lap iz warm I can haz cheeseburger?

—Memo, Associate Dean Pasupathi’s Cat

Remembering it was Halloween, he took the gravestone on his in-laws front lawn in stride. His dread returned, however, when he recognized his name engraved upon it!

—Dr. Scott Harshbarger, Associate Professor of English

### "Memories of a Deadhead"

During the dark depths of last winter in Maine I had a nightmare in which I opened the freezer and found my severed head inside. The next morning I woke up, sweating from panic, to eight inches of snow on the ground, and to the surprise and worry of my family, I didn't leave the house all day.

—Eduardo Duarte, Professor of Philosophy / Education



### "Boxed In"

Rummaging in the attic on the morning of my 35<sup>th</sup> birthday, I came across a box I did not recognize which contained all the homework about which I had ever alibied, "My dog ate my homework." Yet, we had never had a dog.

—Richard J. Pioreck, Department of English



For twenty years, we've spread our spectral larvae, subtly -- in a sneeze, in a touch, sometimes through mere eye contact – and burrowed with silent persistence into the souls of our hosts, spreading and burrowing, spreading and burrowing. At last: it's time.

—Christopher W. Niedt, Associate Professor of Sociology





"I'm giving the same C&E lecture again, as I always have. But you won't remember it, as you never have, no matter what you looked like."

—Christopher H. Eliot, Associate Professor of Philosophy

Growing up in the country, we had an old squeaky haunted pump that would get extremely agitated every hallowe'en. When we'd carve jack 'o lanterns on the porch he would get angry and scream, "Stop killing my kin!"

—Bob Brinkmann, Vice Provost for Scholarship and Research, Dean of Graduate Studies, and Professor of Geology, Environment, and Sustainability



Candy bowl in hand, he answered the door one dank and dismal Halloween evening and surveyed a large band of trick-or-treaters crowding onto his doorstep, all costumed as bloodthirsty brain-eating zombies. Only too late did he realize that they had not come for the candy.

—Joe Gannon, Adjunct Associate Professor of English & Publishing Studies



It was neither the way I knew from the scratch on the stairs that it was 5:03 in the morning, nor the whoosh of air when the door opened slowly, nor even the way my hair stood up on the back of my neck, tingling all the way down my spine. No, rather it was how she stood, framed by the door, almost as solid and as real as she had been ten years ago to the day, wearing that same accusatory look she gave me when she woke while I was covering her lovely face with the pillow we had shared.

—Melissa Connolly, Vice President of University Relations



R.I.P

BARB



HAPPY  
HALLOWEEN